



WITHIN a few days our ears will be filled with the deafening crash of people breaking their New Year's resolutions. Three million sets of iron-clad non-combustible American "never-agains" crushed to earth will remain there until dug up again the night of December 31, 1909.

What has the New Year in store for you, joy or sorrow? Few to-day realize what or where they will be before the end of 1909, and attempts to prognosticate probably would be vain. As far as destiny is concerned the world literally lives "from hand to mouth." We can only guess at what the next year will bring.

For William Jennings Bryan 1909 means more lectures at so much per night. For William Howard Taft, 1909 is a year of glad rejoicing, for on March 4 he assumes the presidential chair vacated by Theodore Roosevelt. Four years ago an attempt was made to relegate Mr. Taft to the bench of the supreme court of the United States but little suspected that he was material to fill the chair at the head of the nation.

Joy is mingled with sadness in President Roosevelt's case and his cup is one of bitter-sweet, for while he lifts the cares of the presidential office from his head and applies his strenuous tests upon the habits of the East African jungle he has shot his bolt as far as the U. S. A. is concerned, there being nothing left to conquer.

But for the commonplace citizen of these United States 1909 carries only conjecture, as a rule. Lots of men and women start the year planning to carry out some cherished ideas, whether they will succeed being a matter that only Father Time himself can solve.

There are approximately 82,000,000 souls in this country. Of that number statistics say 3,000,000 have drawn up sets of resolutions, which if carried out would eat a swath in the nation's liquor and tobacco traffic.

From every state in the union the cry "never again" arises, and just a few days after the debut of the new year the phrase gives way to a murmur of "just one more" with the eventual result that 15 days or three weeks finds conditions once again at a normal state.

There is a saying that a man is never great until he dies. Therefore it is generally not until the demise of the righteous that we learn of the man or woman who made and kept a New Year's reso-

lution. Then the press lets us know about it and as a rule the alleged New Year's resolution which was kept may be laid at the door of the bright young reporter who covered the death and who was anxious to inoculate a feature into his story.

There are thousands of ways of applying the "never again." Here are a few of the more or less popular ways:

I promise never again, after January 1 to—

Drink Intoxicants,  
Smoke Tobacco,  
Swear,  
Be Mean to My Wife,  
Keep Late Hours,  
Waste Money,  
Eat Heavy Meals,  
Vote the Ticket,  
Grow a Mustache,  
Spurn the Alarm Clock's Call,  
Read Novels,  
Quit My Job,  
Believe Fish Tales,  
Play Cards,  
Gamble,  
Celebrate July 4,  
Dance Overtime,  
Ask for More Pay,  
Tell Lies,  
Wear Loud Socks,  
Flirt,  
Part My Hair in the Middle,  
Shirk Work,  
Watch Salome Dances,  
Marry,  
Be Conceived,  
Wear Merry Widow Hats.  
Etc.

Other purely local faults are subjects of New Year's resolutions and usually the signed and sworn document is tucked away in a corner, neglected and its contents forgotten. Then the party to the "swearing off," who for three days has been telling his friends or her friends how invigorating it feels to be once more spiritually pure, drops down a step or two and when resolutions are mentioned has a merry laugh and tells about how last New Year's he or she had swum off this and that and had more fun "with the folks over it."

At midnight each December 31, Father Time loads up the water wagon with thousands of ex-imbibers who now are firm believers in the health-giving properties of aqua pura. About 12:01 a. m., January 1, the one who is less able to stand the gaff of total abstinence slides off to the

called together for the sultan's birth day or accession celebrations.

The pay of the lower ranks is as small as that of the superior officer who makes a good impression on his entry into the service soon falls to pieces through want of occupation either of mind or body. The greater part of the morning and evening he sits over his coffee and cards or dominoes. There are but few newspapers, and those that do exist are so severe, and the only occasions upon which officers meet together at all are on the days of assembly, when they are

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Every frown and every smile a man gets back in life is the fruit of his own seeding.

How a man does hate to be called down by a woman when he is repeating a choice bit of gossip!

## The Drummer's Sermon

The Man with the Telegram,  
and Some Others—A Touch  
of Nature in Montana—  
Knowing Life Under the  
Surface.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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There were only a few men in the club smoker between Washington and Baltimore, and I gave my attention, unobserved, to one man with a telegram in his hand. It was a two-page telegram, possibly a hundred words long. Yet I went through the evening paper while that man was reading the telegram. The reason is plain; the newspaper contained only the day's news for me, but that single telegram held Fate for the man.

How do I know? Men do not ponder for an hour, chewing an unlighted cigar to shreds while, over a telegram from the house telling them to call up the boss on long distance at the next city. That man studied the telegram as if every word were a cryptogram. He stared at it, blinked at it, and looked at it without seeing anything. He was hard hit, but he was no sneaker. The muscles at the hinges of his jaw tied themselves into knots, and then untied. Yet never a drop of juice came into his eyes. Still, it was plain to everybody that he was having the fight of his life, right there in that swiftly-moving train, and not caring whether he was on foot or in a rowboat—utterly dead to all his surroundings.

When Everybody is a Crusoe.

There are times like that, and everybody has had or will have them, times when you don't care a last year's campaign button for the world around you, because you are up against the truth good and hard, that the world inside is the only one that counts. In the big hours of a man's life he is alone with himself, a Robinson Crusoe without a parrot or a man Friday. Not everybody comes through such an experience as nervously as my fellow passenger. He was a man; whatever the precise nature of that crisis with which that telegram brought him face to face, he was playing the man. If one has the sort of grit that showed in his perplexed face, Fate cannot really hurt him.

As I watched the man—I cannot describe his looks or his clothes, for I seemed to be looking into his battling soul—I recalled some lines by a man named Henley which I once clipped out of a newspaper:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Beneath the bludgeonings of Chance,  
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

When Express Trains Seem Slow.

The old saying has it that "life is what you make it," but I rather think it is as you take it. Attitude determines everything. Put up the right front to life, and life will

not porters and passengers crowded to the door with our fellow passenger, eager to hear the news; for there is a deal of sympathy in all kinds of people. To everybody's surprise, there was the son himself, waiting for his father. Before the man's expression of delight had fairly escaped him, he saw that the boy bore news.

In a quiet voice, which we could not hear, the son let out the worst. Like a pistol shot that had been preceded by no angry talk. The old man staggered sideways, sort of on the axis of the arm which the boy held, and cried aloud: "My God! You don't mean to tell me that my daughter is dead?" Then he staggered away, all in a heap, the visible incarnation of a broken heart.

He had told us about that girl, about the honors she had won at college, about her skill on horseback and in outdoor sports, and about what a comfort it was to know that she was with her brother in the latter's sickness. And all the while it was the girl herself who was dead. It was a subdued and gentle crowd of men and women who rode together for the remainder of that day; it was the touch of nature that welded us all into kinship, and set each of us to wondering what might be waiting for us at the next turn of the road.

Death, and greater troubles, reveal life. These uncoverings of the depths show the only part of man that is worth bothering about. I've been confident with people speaking all sorts of accents and wearing all kinds of clothes; and I have learned that you have to get beneath all these things to find where the real man lies.

A man is only so much of a man as he is when his soul stands stark naked in the glare of some burning crisis or calamity.

THAT TELEGRAM HELD FATE FOR THE MAN.

straightway follow at your heels like a well-trained dog. Did you never see a second-rate boss start in to give a call-down to a first-class man, and before you knew how it had happened it seemed almost as if the man were giving a crack to the boss? Some men have the manner, the poise, and some have not. For me, I covet more than I covet a partnership in the firm, or than I covet little place in the country about which Bess and I build air-castles, this quiet, masterful, imperious and fearless attitude toward life, which can take what is coming to me like a king. A stout and conquering heart is a better fortune than an ailing heart.

"The part was that of a corpulent and well-to-do bank president. Fancy a half-starved act out of a job trying to look a part like that!"

Proof Positive.

Tom—Skinner is an old hypocrite. Jack—Why do you think so?

Tom—The other day he told me that a young man should never pass up an opportunity to embrace a good thing.

Jack—Well?

Tom—When he caught me embracing his daughter last night he kicked me down the front steps.

Made a Difference.

Long after midnight the suburban man sat on his front step listening to the dismal howls of a restless canine. "Awful racket," commented the big policeman as he sauntered up the avenue.

"Terrible," agreed the man on the steps.

"Those howls are enough to raise the dead."

"Well, I should say so."

"Make the cold shivers creep up and down your spine."

"They are fierce."

"Wonder you wouldn't make a complaint?"

"Well, I am just waiting."

"May I ask what you are waiting for?"

"Sure! I am waiting to find out if that is my dog or my neighbor's dog. If it is my dog—well, you know we all have to put up with unseemly noises these hot nights, but if it is my neighbor's dog—blamed if I don't shoot him myself."

The Connection.

"No wonder that Poet is so indolent. He has to live by his rhyme."

"Oh, that's the reason!" Baltimore American.

when I was making my long jump west. At Chicago one of the passengers was given a telegram from some place out in Montana, saying that his boy's condition was the same. He was a man from Philadelphia, who had been called west in a hurry; it seemed that he had a boy and a girl out on a ranch. In the friendly American way, we all sympathized with him and tried to cheer him up; and it did seem as if we had diverted his mind, for he was one of the most friendly and amiable of the car's passengers.

That was only a "seem;" when something goes down into the deep and real nature of a man, all the superficial happenings in the universe cannot affect him. The San Francisco earthquake was a mere incident to a few people who were weeping by the bodies of their dead that April night. Beneath all the pleasant chatter and polite exterior I could see that this man was like a war horse tugging at the bit which holds him back. The train was due at the Montana station about eight o'clock in the morning; the man was awake and dressed at four, and in the smoking-room comparing time with the conductor. All pretense was gone now; the eager, anxious father-heart was bare.

The Unexpected Blow.

After four slow hours the train stopped at one of those little stations in the open Montana country. Conduc-

BECOMES NAVAL ASSISTANT.  
New Yorker Succeeds to Post of Secretary of Navy Newberry.

Washington.—Herbert L. Satterlee of New York, a son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, is the new assistant secretary of the navy, succeeding Truman H. Newberry, who has entered the cabinet as secretary of the navy as successor to Victor H. Metcalf.

Mr. Satterlee was a volunteer lieutenant in the navy from July 6 until November 7, 1898, as chief of staff to Capt. John R. Bartlett, U. S. N. re-

## ASCENSION OF OUR LORD

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 3, 1909  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acta 1:1-14. Memory verse, N. 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried into heaven."

LUKE 24:51.

PLATE.—The spring of A. D. 30. The Ascension May 18. The ten days' wait.

PLACE.—The Ascension was from Olivet, near Bethany. The meeting place of the disciples was in the upper room in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN HISTORY.—The close of the earthly life of Jesus Christ. The birth of the Christian religion.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The life of Jesus on earth, including (1) What he was; (2) What he did; (3) What he taught; was an essential condition of all his power during the centuries of Christianity.

It made him a real being to us, while unseen on earth.

It illustrates his teachings for all ages.

It was a perpetual ideal, by which to test all we are and do and teach.

It is in itself a supreme power to influence character.

Illustrations.—I know of no discordant note among educators in the testimony that "The greatest thing a teacher ever brings to a child is not the subject matter, but the uplift which comes from heart contact with a great personality."

President Charles F. Thwing records the results of a very interesting study of 50 representative men to questions involving the best thing college does for a man. The entire drift of the testimony was that the most these men got from college was inspiration from life contact with great leaders.

"No nobler feeling," says Carlyle, "than admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life."

The promise of the Father was the special, overflowing gift of the Holy Spirit, as we learn from verses 5 and 8, and the fulfillment of the promise in the next chapter. The Father had promised this gift through Joel 2:28, 29) as shown in Acts 2: 17, 18; through Isaiah (32:15; 44:3); Haggai (2:5); Zechariah (4:6; 12:10).

The promise is called The Promise, for it really includes all the promises of the coming of the kingdom of God.

The disciples were the instruments used by the Great Leader. God works not only directly on the hearts of men, but through his people on other men. God in men is the power through which the kingdom of God has so far come, and is to come in its fullness.

"The agencies he employs must, by their very nature, be the Divine Spirit and the human disciple."

Kirley. The achievements of the apostles in the story of the Acts were the account of what Jesus continued to do after his ascension. The author of "The Fifth Gospel" (i. e. Saint Paul's gospel as recorded in his epistles, many of them written before the first of our four gospels,) shows that the apostles not only preached the facts of Jesus' life, but the significance of the life which Jesus continued to teach them through their own experience guided and inspired by the Holy Spirit.

1. They had their ideal in the promises of the Father.

2. They were imbued with power by the Holy Spirit.

3. They were changed, transformed, by the Holy Spirit, into new men fitted to carry on the work of Christ.

4. They knew the facts about Christ, and they experienced his presence and his teachings, so that they could be witnesses to the whole world.

It was at this time, doubtless, that the great change came over his body described in 1 Cor. 15:51-52. For such a change is signified by his appearance as John saw him (Rev. 1:12-13).

The Importance of the Ascension—

1. It is the one fitting ending to the earthly life of Jesus. Coming from the Father he returns to the Father.

2. The last view of Jesus is not on the cross, but going home in glory.

3. It kept before the disciples the fact that he is their ever living Saviour. We do not worship and serve and trust a dead Saviour, but one who is alive forevermore.

4. He can rule and guide his people infinitely better than on any earthly place, where but few could come into his near presence.

5. It places Jesus before all men as their ideal.

6. It enables us to realize his divinity, without losing his humanity."